

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE ZOOP.
REDLINE STORY

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Nurse Jane, oh, Nurse Jane!" called Uncle Wiggily one morning in his hollow stump bungalow.

"Yes, what is it, Wiggily?" asked the nurse, who was sitting at the end of her nose, for she was making a cake.

"Have I any clean collars?" asked the rabbit gentleman as he pulled out and pushed shut the bureau drawers, one after the other.

"Clean collars? Dear me! I'm afraid not," said Nurse Jane. "I washed some for you, and I meant to iron them yesterday, but Mrs. Stubbins, the housemaid, came over in the afternoon and we got to talking about honey cakes, and how to keep eggs from rolling down hill, and I forgot all about your collars. Did you want one right away?"

"Oh, there's no special hurry," said the rabbit gentleman. "I'm going over to see Grandfather Goosey Gander, and I thought I'd like a clean collar."

"Well, if you'll wait a few minutes, I'll starch and iron one for you," offered Nurse Jane.

"Oh, don't bother to starch it," said the bunny. "Just iron it."

"I have to starch it to make it stiff," said the nurse. "It will not take me very long."

"I'll come down and watch you," spoke Uncle Wiggily.

Down the stairs he hopped with a clean shirt on, but no collar, for there wasn't one in his bureau. Nurse Jane put an iron on the stove to get hot, and then having taken some of Uncle Wiggily's clean but unironed collars, she laid them out on the table.

"Now I'll make the starch," she said. She took some white lumps out of a blue box and put them in a pan. On the white lumps she poured some hot water and then she began to stir it up.

"It looks as if you were making pudding," Nurse Jane, said the rabbit gentleman.

"Well, cornstarch pudding is made from the same thing that ironing starch is made from," said the nurse. "The pudding starch is a bit different, but the principle is the same."

"And you stir the starch in the pan until it looks more than ever like a pudding," said the bunny.

"Only, of course, there were no raisins in it," said the nurse.

"Raisins would not be good for Uncle Wiggily's collars, you know," said Nurse Jane.

Just as Nurse Jane was getting ready to dip the bunny rabbit gentleman's collars in the starch, so they would have time to dry out a bit before she ironed them nice and smooth and stiff.

"Yes, I'm here," Nurse Jane answered, speaking over the fence. "Oh, that's the hat!" Uncle Wiggily heard her say.

"Yes, I'll be right over," asked the bunny, as Nurse Jane began looking for her hat.

"Why, Mrs. Longtail, the mouse lady, just telephoned that Julie, her little girl, caught her eye in a trap. She managed to get it out, but poor Julie feels so badly that she wants me to come over."

"You skip right along," said Uncle Wiggily. "Never mind about my collars. I can wear them without being starched or ironed. Poor Julie! Tell her I'll be over in a little while."

So Nurse Jane, leaving the pan of thick white starch on the kitchen table, hurried over to the mouse lady's house. Uncle Wiggily was just going to put on his tail silk hat, without any collar, when suddenly there came bounding into the kitchen a bad animal named the Zoop.

"Well, I'm here!" growled the Zoop, as he looked at Uncle Wiggily.

"So I see," spoke the bunny. "Did you—did you want anything special?"

"Souse off your ears, and as much as you can get," cried the Zoop. "Hello, what's this?" he asked as he saw the pan of white stuff on the table. "Some one has been making a pudding for me." He went on, sort of smacking his lips, hungry like.

"Oh, don't!" cried the bunny. "That isn't pudding, it's—"

"Oh, that isn't for you!" quickly cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, yes it is!" mickered the Zoop. "Oh, no it isn't!" went on the bunny. "That's for my collars and—"

"That's all nonsense!" sneered Zoop. "Collards are on the outside of your neck, and this pudding is going on the inside of my neck. I'm going to swallow it—watch me!"

"Oh, don't!" cried the bunny. "That isn't pudding, it's—"

But before he could say what it was, the Zoop took up the big spoon Nurse Jane had used to stir the starch and began eating the white stuff.

"Don't tell me it isn't pudding!" he said, as he took the last spoonful. "Now that I've eaten it, I'll take some of your some of—some of—"

The Zoop looked at Uncle Wiggily in a funny fashion.

"I wonder what makes me feel so queer and stiff?" he said. "It's just as if I were made of glass, or hard candy, or something! What is it?"

"It's the starch you ate!" said the bunny. "Starch makes clothes stiff and has made you so stiff that you can bend!"

"Ha! Ha!"

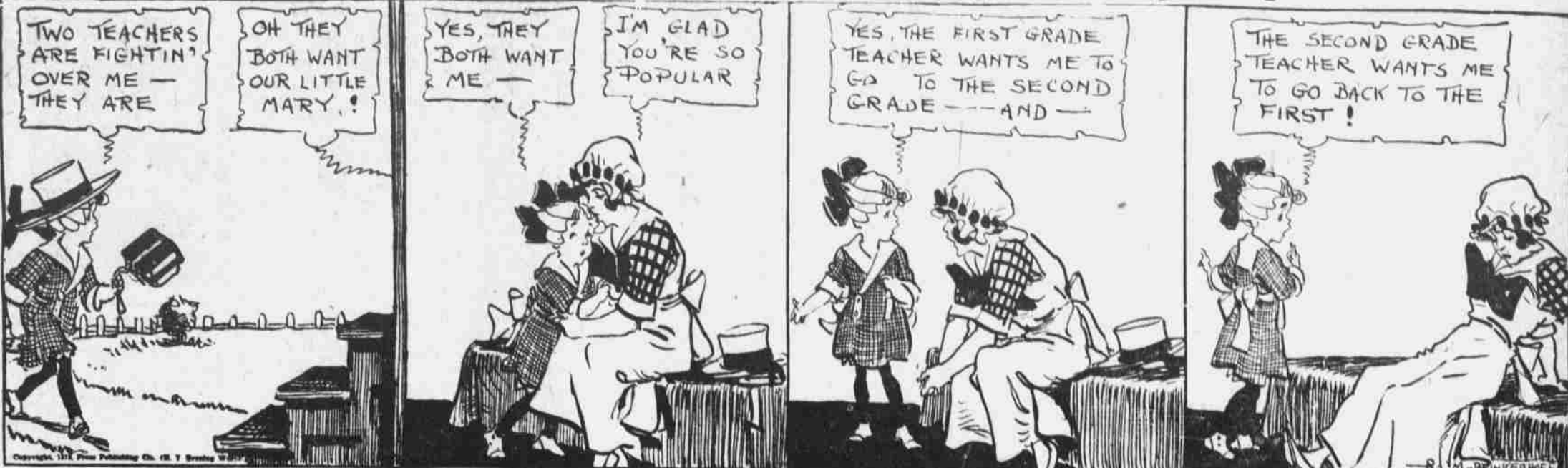
"Don't believe it!" cried the Zoop. He tried to stoop and bend over and as soon as he did he broke into a dozen pieces, all starched stiff, and when Nurse Jane came back (after Julie was all better), she swept the pieces all up in the dustpan and that was the end of the Zoop for this week.

The mouse lady made new starch for the bunny's collars and all was well.

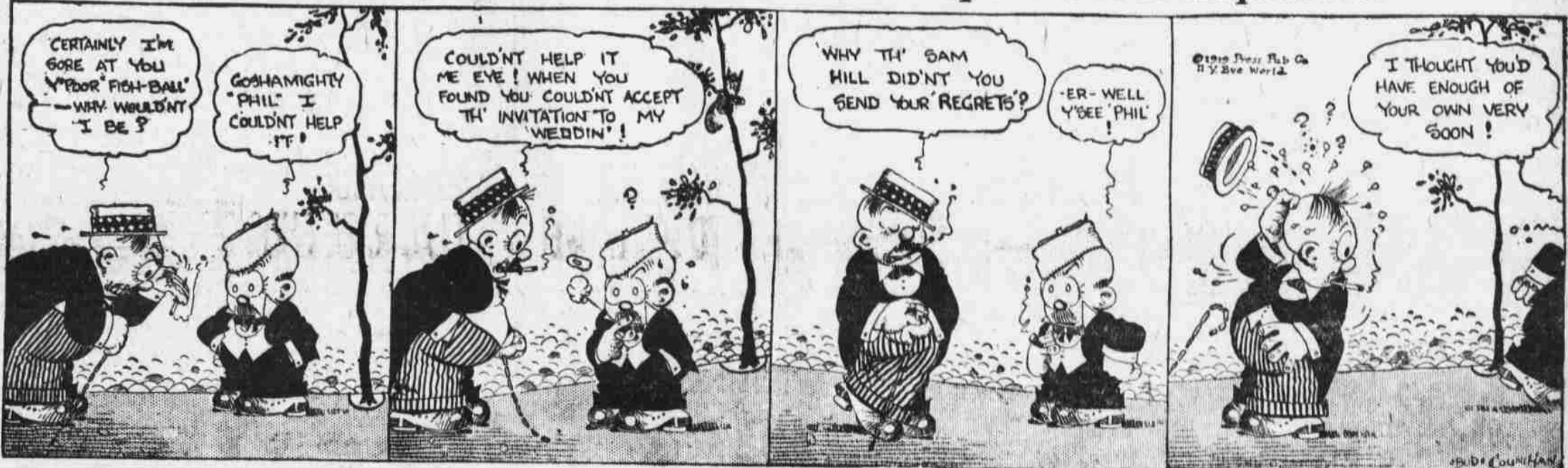
And if the salt cellar doesn't pour molasses in the sugar bowl and make the ice cream believe it's milk, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the corn cob.



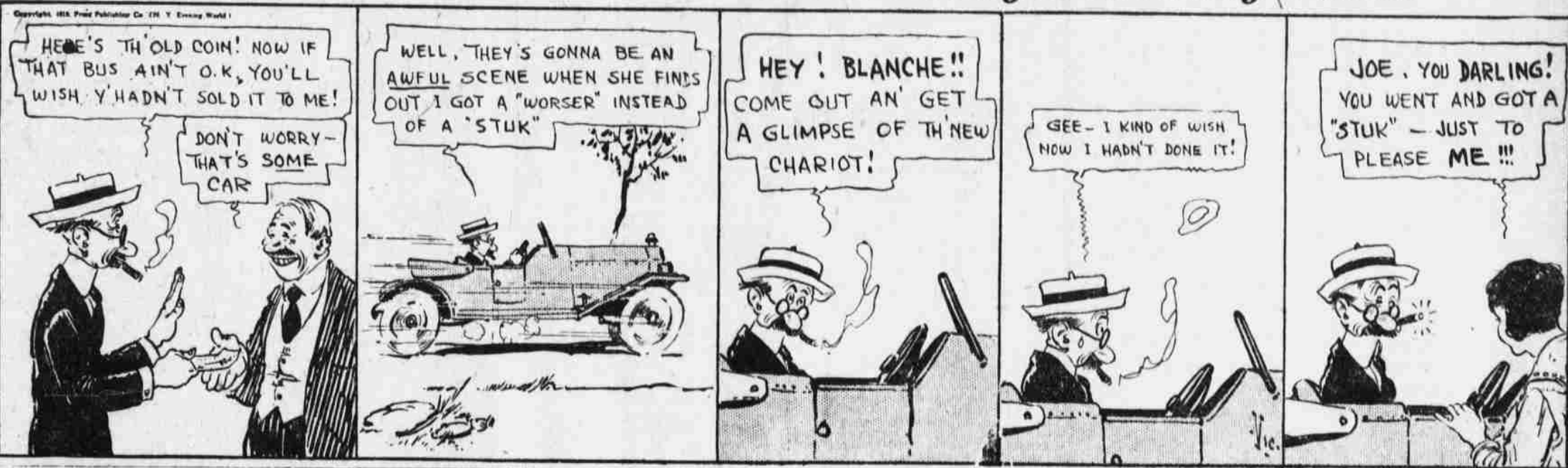
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Can't They Go Fifty-Fifty?



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Luke Spoke From Experience



JOE'S CAR—Oh, Boy! Looks Like Joe's Going to Get Away With It



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WIFE OR CHILDREN.

A favorite subject of discussion in debating societies used to be: "Should a man save his wife or his mother, if the wife was growing old and he could only rescue one?"

An equally interesting question is: "Should a man save his wife or his children, if the wife was growing old and he could only rescue one?"

This problem has been poignantly and dramatically put by the Chicago man, who recently chose death with his wife rather than life with her, leaving three poor little children to their fate.

This devoted husband was crossing the railroad tracks with his wife in front of a fast express train. Through some accident the woman's foot became wedged between two planks so that it could not be extricated. Seeing that her doom was sealed, the man stepped in front of the fast coming train, threw his arms about his wife, and with her clasped in his arms they were both hurled into eternity.

It is a splendid heroism, in its proof of love so great that it counted no cost, in its chivalry, the deed belongs to the realm of romance rather than to the world and practical world, but for all that the man's act was a crime, a crime that makes one think better, but still a crime for there are times when the hand and not the heart must determine the right or wrong of our action.

Great as is a man's duty to his wife, it seems to me, that it does not compare for an instant with his duty to his children, and that if there comes a time when he must sacrifice one or the other, it is the wife who should be the victim, not the children.

Every marriage is a contract into which two adult people enter of their own free will and accord. They choose each other. They assume certain obligations toward each other. True they are more or less in each other's power, and their happiness and well-being is in each other's hands, but the essence of the whole relationship is that it is voluntary.

It was not forced upon them nor are they powerless if either one desires to break up the arrangement.

But when a man brings children into the world he gives hostages to fate. He has assumed an obligation to his children, and he has thrust life upon them. He has brought them, without their desire, into the world, and it is his supreme duty to care for them, and protect them, and to fit them as well as it is in his power, to make good and useful men and women.

Children have a right to look to their father for food, for clothes, for education, for a decent environment in which to grow up, for love and tenderness and protection, and if he does not give them

these things, he is a failure as a father.

So it would seem that while a man's first duty is to his children, it is a debt that he very often repudiates. And in this man differ from women, because the great majority of women put their children first and their husbands second, while men reverse the places.

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PERFECTLY ASEPTIC.

"Young man, have you been examined by the bureau of censors?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sterilized by the board of health?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the X-ray revealed any traces of possible ancestral alcohol in your system?"

"No trace."

"Are you nicotineless?"

"One hundred per cent."

"Can you repeat all the hymns in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist hymn books?"

"Did you ever love your temper and say 'good gracious' or 'fudge'?"

"Then, sir, come in, and I will let you hold my daughter's hand for 15 minutes in my presence, and if you behave yourself in a seemly manner, tomorrow I will extend this period to 20 minutes."

DIDN'T WANT JOB.

Not so very long ago a certain attorney was quite ill. A doctor was summoned, but directly he arrived and got one look at his patient he said: "Sorry, but you'll have to call another doctor."

"As sick as all that?" gasped the attorney.

"No, but you're the lawyer that cross-examined me when I was called to give expert testimony in a certain case. Now my conscience won't permit me to kill you, but I'm darned if I care to cure you. Good day."

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

(Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

The young lady across the way says she tells her father it isn't as if the bags of nations covenant couldn't be amended from time to time and they've already taken out search and seizure and may put back 2 1/2 per cent beer yet.



DEAR K. C. B.—I know you love children, and so do I; or rather I have until recently.

Frankly, I admit I am in love, and every third day am always anxiously awaiting a letter. A little boy of five years in my block possesses a postman's whistle, which he uses often during the day.

He refuses to sell me the whistle or give it to me, and I know that I shall die of palpitation of the heart unless something is done.

What is your suggestion? Shall I give him poisoned candy or kidnap him and take the whistle from him?

M. K. T.

MY DEAR Mary.

OR MALBE it's Matilda.

OR PERHAPS Maggie.

DOWN WHERE I lived.

BEFORE I moved.

THERE WAS A boy.

ABOUT five years old.

AND HE had a whistle.

AND HE used to blow it.

AND PUSH our button.

IN THE front hallway.

AND BEAT it.

AND I'd go down.

AND LOOK in our mail box.

AND THERE wouldn't be anything.

AND THIS went on.

FOR TWO or three weeks.

BEFORE I discovered.

I WAS being fooled.

BY THE five-year-old boy.

AND THEN I watched.

AND EARLY one morning.

ALONG ABOUT mail time.

I SAW him coming.

FROM WHERE he lived.

AND I hurried downstairs.

AND HID myself.

AND WHEN he pushed the button.

AND BLEW his whistle.

AND STARTED to run.

I WAS waiting for him.

AND GRABBED his arm.

AND HE was terribly frightened.

AND SHORT and fat.

AND BEGAN to cry.

AND I took him upstairs.

AND INTO our flat.

AND WE sat down.

AND TALKED it all over.

AND HE stopped crying.

AND I tried to show him.

THAT IT wasn't right.

FOR LITTLE fat boys.

TO HAVE postman's whistles.

AND TO ring door bells.

BECAUSE in the first place.

LITTLE fat boys.

COULDN'T RUN very fast.

BUT if he felt.

THAT HE had to do it.

AND WAS perfectly willing.

TO TAKE a chance.

I BARGAINED with him.

TO LEAVE me alone.

AND HE went downstairs.

AND I showed him the button.

OF A noisy family.

THAT CAME in late.

AND WOKED us all up.

AND MADE him promise.

HED CONFINE his attentions.

TO THAT one family.

AND HE kept his promise.

AND NEARLY ran them to death.

YOU MIGHT bribe your boy.

TO TRY another block.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.

Compiled by John G. Quinlan, the Sunshine Man.

Many of those virtues which are summed up in the words self-control have been inculcated outside Christianity. What then is the difference? It is here—in the motive. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." "Ye are Christ's." Here is the motive: "your own," because ye are no longer "your own," but His who died for you, therefore your affections and lusts, being a part of the nature dedicated by you to Him, to whom you owe everything, must be kept under and brought into subjection, even as He for your sake subjected Himself to death upon the cross. Christianity regards our human nature as identified with the divine in Christ: "Ye are the members of His body, of His flesh." Shall I then take the members of Christ and make them the members of a harlot? It also regards the human body as a shrine for the presence of Christ by His indwelling Spirit. Our mortal bodies are "temples of the Holy Ghost." How then can we degrade what Christ in His love has hallowed for Himself? Others may tell us of the injurious effects of the want of self-control. But Christ, I have us temperate, not so much with a view to our own comfort, as to the dignity of nature, as because in temperance and kindred virtues are a deduction from that willing service which we owe to Him, a breach of our allegiance, a faithfulness in our love. L. G. Smith, M. A.

HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1919.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Astrologers read this as an unusually fortunate day. The sun, Mars, Venus and Mercury are all in benefic aspect.

The new moon of tomorrow, which will be a conjunction of the sun and moon, will be a powerful factor in the affairs of the world.

The sun is in a place believed to cause those who rule governments or business affairs to become sympathetic and even conciliatory toward the demands of workers.

There is a sign read as indicating the choice of a soldier for an office of great responsibility.

But for a diplomatic mission of some sort are prepared for the United States.

The stars presage the uncovering of hidden conditions of every sort. This period of revelation will affect society, business and government affairs.

The new moon of tomorrow, taken place two hours after the autumn equinox, is most significant in its indications. The stars forecast business prosperity that will be hampered by serious labor troubles.

For Great Britain a powerful trend toward democracy is prophesied by English astrologers.

Crime will not abate, but rather will increase during the winter months, the seers predict.

Switzerland is to reflect something of the world's upheaval, for the position of Saturn in Virgo is threatening.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of an active year, when care much success in business is promised.

Children born on this day probably will be endowed with energy and intelligence. These subjects of Virgo with Libra traits are usually very fortunate.

Read News Scimitar Wants.

A Line On Men You Read About

Paul S. Reinsch, American minister at Peking, China, has tendered his resignation which is now in the hands of President Wilson. It has been reported that Dr. Reinsch has not been wholly

in accord with the administration's attitude toward China at the peace conference, but this did not appear in his letter of resignation, according to reports.

Minister Reinsch was, previous to his appointment as minister to China in 1913, for 12 years professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin.

He is the author of several works of political science, some of which have been translated into Chinese and Japanese.

It was largely through the assurances of Minister Reinsch that China's interests would be safeguarded by the United States that China was persuaded early in 1917 to enter the world war on the side of the allies. It is also understood that the diplomat was strongly against the Shantung arrangement incorporated in the text of the peace treaty.

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